Alas poore world,what treaſure haſt thou loſt
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tong is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince,or any thing enſuing?
The floures are ſweet,their colours freſh & trim,
But true ſweet beautie liu'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet,nor vaile hencefooth no creature weare,
Nor ſunne,nor wind will euer ſtriue to kiſſe you,
Hauing no faire to looſe, you need not feare,
The ſun doth ſcorne you,& the wind doth hiſſe you.
But when *Adonis* liu'd,ſunne and ſharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whoſe brim the gaudie ſunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe.
And ſtraight in pitie of his tender yeares,
They both would ſtriue who firſt ſhould drie his (teares.

To ſee his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind ſome hedge,becauſe he would not fear him
To recreate him ſelfe when he hath ſong,
The Tigre would be tame,and gently heare him.
If he had ſpoke,the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the ſillie lambe that day.

When

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils,
When he was by,the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing,ſome other in their bils
Would bring him mulberries,& ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his ſight,they him with berries.

But this foule,grim,and vrchin-ſnouted Boare,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a graue:
Ne're ſaw the beatious liuerie that he wore,
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue.
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him,and hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there.
And nouſling in his flanke,the louing ſwine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I bene tooth'd like him I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kild him firſt,
But he is dead, and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his, the more I am accurſt.
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed blood.